BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1933

For Earnest Hartsock

A voice as sweet as Shelley's and as true
Mellow with age, vibrant with youthful grace;
Its source a soul revealed to those who knew
The lyric light illumining his face.

—EMMA LOUISE FOSTER

VOL. VII. No. 2

B O Z A R T

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Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

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WIGHTMAN F. MELTON, PH.D. Editor

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Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON offers a cash prize of $25.00, *"The Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize,"* for the best poem on a tree—or trees—published in BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1933. The judges to be nationally known poets.

MRS. WILLAFORD R. LEACH offers a cash prize of $10.00, *"The Collegiate Poetry Prize,"* for the best poem—of not over 32 lines—by a college student, to be published in this magazine during the calendar year 1933. Judges will be well known poets and teachers of poetry.

AGNES COCHRAN BRAMLETT offers a cash prize—$5.00 in Gold—for the best sonnet appearing in this magazine during 1933. (The donor will be the judge).

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The Editor's Salon

The *New York Times,* discussing "The Test of Poetry," says: "There are so many contemporary poets and schools of poetry, and so many of these poets are critics, that at first sight it is a little bewildering to learn from F. L. Lucas' Warton lecture to the British Academy on 'The Criticism of Poetry' that 'all critical standards have broken down'. Sorrowfully and rhetorically Mr. Lucas asks himself:

" 'Is there a single law of literature, a single principle for writing poetry, a single canon for criticising it, about which a congress of our critics would agree?'

"What does he mean by 'agree?' Would he have the laws of literature passed by a simple majority or a two-thirds or a unanimous vote? Is it by counting of critics' noses that poetry is to be accepted or rejected? To be sure, now is the time for a critics' code, but the final and infallible critic is time. Since that test can't yet be applied to our present-day makers, isn't it better to be tolerant and good natured, to hear candidates for the choir sing without rigging up a set of rules to judge them by, without trying to find this and that touchstone for the trial of their genius?

"Mr. Lucas searches and suggests and, to a certain extent, defines, but for the most part a little vaguely. Thus he holds with the Greeks that 'good poetry must be sane,' but inspiration is a poetic name for madness; and Blake and others were either insane or divided from madness by a thin partition. He discovers 'values common to good living and good poetry.' . . .

"Professor Houseman, the Shropshire lad, showed us last spring a sure way of detecting poetry, whether you are making it or reading it, or a line of it comes into your memory.

(Continued on page forty-one)

A Friend of Little Children

If I cannot be a wise man, guided by a star,
Let me be an humble shepherd, as all my people are;
For, though I cannot bring rich gifts to Mary and her Son,
And though a lonely hillside is my only Parthenon,
I can feel the heaven's glory—can hear the angels sing,
And I know they are proclaiming the advent of a King.

When Mary saw the costly gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh,
I sometimes wonder—wonder if they meant as much to her
As the fleecy little blankets that wrapped her Blessed Child;
And, somehow, when I think of this, I'm always reconciled
To stay out in the lonely fields and follow up the sheep
So there may be warm blankets where little children sleep.

Georgia —WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

What Became of the Wise Men's Gifts

(I wonder what was Mary's thought
Viewing the gifts the Wise Men brought
And what became of those rare things,
The careful choice of pompous kings?)

THEY BROUGHT HIM GOLD, king honoring King,
And Mary smiled, remembering
An angel's word, the shepherds afar,
And now the strangers led by a star,
Quite pleased that they should homage pay.
"Joseph," she said, "put the gold away
To show to Him another day."

AND FRANKINCENSE, they offered Him,
And kneeling there they worshiped Him!
And Mary said, "They love our Son!
O, Matchless Gift of Love, This One!"
And bending, touched His head—her kiss.
"Some day, we shall show Him this;
See that neither goes amiss."

The other gift they brought was MYRRH
And terror clutched the heart of her!
Joseph was puzzled to understand
Why she wept and held a baby hand
Close to her heart! As night shadowed day
There fell a cross where the Young Child lay,
"He must never know! Throw the myrrh away!"

Alabama —MARY BARE MATTISON

Ode on a Gothic Cathedral

Oh blessed Temple, by fresh breezes blown,
A still and cherished friend of hoary Time,
When Prayer was poured into your cold dead stone,
You flung aloft your battlements sublime
In laughing minarets and praise of spires;
Fast-flying buttresses free as the wind;
Dove-nesting towers staunch and gray and dim,
And slender-shooting turrets, ivy-twined;—
A praiseful pile, a host of living choirs,
All join alike to swell the mighty hymn.

Within, a frozen forest's gray retreat,
Long aisles of branches arched in patient prayer.
Veiled angel faces guard the mercy seat.
A Presence hovers in the sacred air.
The pointing windows worship,—prayerful hands,
As nuns' in reverence to their saint adored.
Oh silent stronghold! Here I shall abide
While storms of passion beat upon life's sands.
I am swept upward on an unseen tide,
And rise rejoiced to meet the exalted Lord.

Oh Blessed Temple, Animated Pile,
That breathes to heaven an ecstasy of praise;
Chaste beauty that no evil can defile,
A monument to lighten all our days!
Oh Mighty Bond, that links all life in one,
The tears and hopes and pride of every land!
In you a faithful heart, united, brings
Its love,—one fellowship, an unseen band,
And calls on every man beneath the sun,
With one accord to praise the King of Kings.

Massachusetts —WINNIFRED G. STEBBINGS

There Will Be Song

There will be song when we are done with singing,
 There will be beauty we shall not behold;
Sunsets will pass in fiery glory, flinging
 Across the wind-swept hills their living gold.

Others will love the Spring as now we love it,
 And watch, as we do, with a keen delight
The golden moon, with one pale star above it,
 Rise through the haze of an October night.

But since we glimpse, beyond that dark surrender,
 That inescapable and final hour,
Some counterpart of the elusive splendor
 Which fades too soon from earthly tree and flower,

We are content to let the brief days vanish
 Into the narrowing vista of the years
With hope that no defeat can ever banish,
 With faith that flames triumphant over fears.

Illinois —HILDA ROSE STICE

In Reserve

May there be meadows in my life
 Where summer daisies grow—
Then I shall sing when clouds are rife
 And laugh at winter snow.

May there be lyrics in my days
 When purple shadows creep,
To cheer me through the heavy maze
 Of midnights, dark and deep.

May there be windows in my soul
 Where I may look afar,
And watch the grey clouds part and roll—
 Disclosing Bethlehem's Star!

California —CORA MAY PREBLE

Under City Streets

And prisoned by monstrous roots of lifeless steel,
Pity the dead, the unremembered dead
That lie beneath the city's vault of stone;
For them no valiant flower rears its head
Seeking in timid petals to atone
For life's swift passage to oblivion.
Over their graves no bluebirds pause and pass,
Flashing a wing before the summer sun;
They know no heritage of leaf or grass,
No winter's moon can send a slender spear
To cleave the darkness of their solitude;
They cannot sense the rain's soft footfalls here
Running like joyous music down a wood.
Theirs is the grind of wheels, who long ago
Found their last bed where now the city lies;
Over their heads the crowds tramp to and fro
Down cold steel canyons shutting out the skies.
Only their brothers, on their silent hill,
Can know transfiguring hands of winds and rains;
The dignity of death, serene and still,
Is not for them. Fettered by curbs and drains
And prisoned by monstrous roots of lifeless steel,
Summer and spring unheralded pass on;
They cannot ever hope in dust to feel
The breath of winds or the cool hands of dawn.

Pity the thwarted dead, forevermore
Robbed of their dream, beneath the city's floor.

Georgia —ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

Will-of-Avon

Out of these are poems spun:
Love and death, rain and sun;
Dust of stars, blood and mould,
Tears, and spider-webs, and gold.

Will-of-Avon, from a stream,
Sewed himself a cloak of dream;
From a leafy forest-track,
Made himself a mummer's pack;
In his mind adventuring,
Wove him lover, fool, and king;
Where the fawns and fairies dance,
On the paths of green romance,
From a fragile rib of wind,
Carved himself a Rosalind;
From a wispy cloud of dawn,
Fashioned Puck and Oberon,
Gave Titania gossamer birth,
Creatures more of air than earth.

Will-of-Avon, bailif's son,
Took himself to London Town.
London, glad, and sad, and gay,
In a suit of home-spun gray;
Took the puppets of his dream,
Born beside a quiet stream,
Woven from the forest tree,
For the London blades to see;
Sang him to a castle door;
(Could a bailif's son do more?)
Fresh from forests, wild and green,
Kissed the wee hand of a queen.
Royal eyes above a ruff
Smiled on him. It was enough
Honey for a dream grown sweet,
Kneeling at a Queen's small feet.

Out of these are poems spun:
Love and death, rain and sun,
Dust of stars, blood and mould,
Tears, and spider-webs, and gold.

Sometimes from a quiet stream,
Blows the deathless flower of dream.

Washington, D. C. —EDITH MIRICK

How Like Romance

How like romance the road from Tabard Inn
That ran through holt and heath and far away
Cut sharp in twain the purple haze of glen
And then fared on into the Aprille day.

How like romance the motley companye
That late had come from chapel, hut and hall,
Adventuring, devout and jolily,
Now Henry Bailly's guests and pilgrims alle.

How like romance the mery, mery tales
That filled the wanton hours with ready jest
And sped the miles from Southwerk's sparkling ales
To Caunterbury's blisful martir's rest.

How like romance the prologue to the years
That aged a nation's song with tragic tears.

Florida —LESTER COLLINS FARRIS

Two Women Talk in Ancient Troy

Andromache, fair wife of Hector, looked
On Helen where she lay at graceful ease
Upon a couch, her slim and eager hands
Clasped underneath her head. One foot, which hung
Beyond the edge, moved with impatient rhythm.
"You wearied early of your loom," thus spoke
The Trojan dame, "although the threads were gold."

"Ah, that I did," and Helen smiled at her
With impish petulance. "Spindle and loom
And golden threads—not even infant arms—
Can bind my heart and thoughts as they do yours,
Andromache."
The other woman turned
And took against her breast strong Hector's son.
Above his tousled head her grave eyes searched
The Spartan's beautiful, averted face.
"Oh faithless one, how could you leave your lord,
Your home, your one fair daughter, all—for what?
The wooing of a worthless boy . . . for shame!"

Helen leaned on her arm and let her gaze
Meet that of Hector's wife in thoughtful stare,
And when she spoke, her voice was music-soft.
"My Lord, like Hector and all other men,
Was often lost in war's perplexities,
Or some adventure urged his feet to roam.
For me, I was but fitted into hours
When naught else called, and must content myself
Long days and weeks with distaff, home and babe . . .
Have you not watched spring's coral buds unfold
In emerald-misty dawns until the flowers
Seemed constellations in a sky of green?
Does not the wild sea draw your questing thoughts
To far, uncharted shores? . . . And nights when pines
Are etched in solhouette against the stars,

And from a dew-damp coppice suddenly
A bird's song breaks into a tinkling shower
Of lyric silver, drenching your spirit
With its elusive, haunting ecstacy.
Or when the end of summer comes and trees
Fling leaves like birds with scarlet wings, through days
Of amber light . . . And quietness of pale,
Blue dawn is broken by a whirring sound
And cries of wild geese flying, flying south,
Stirs in your heart a things that's primitive,
Untamed, that makes you long for wings . . . or love
So strong, so magical, your soul could mount
As on a staircase to some upper realm
Of happiness."
And then as Helen's words
Flooded her heart, as tide can flood the sea,
Andromache stood still and said: "I know.
I know that beauty and a dream's unrest
Play havoc in a woman's life. And yet—"
She clasped the babe more closely in her arms
And looked around the stately room. "I can
Make loveliness to please myself, and go
In thought, adventuring with lord and son."
Helen tapped the cushions with her slender hands
And shook her head. "I bid you cry not 'Shame',
Again until some ardent one has wooed
You on a day of aching loneliness
When looms and trivial rounds—"
Andromache
Cried "Hush! ah, say it not!" And hid her face
In fright, against the baby's rose-soft neck.

Alabama —EDITH TATUM

Sea-Enslaved

I

Only a woman knows the sea—
A cauldron of anxiety
In which red dawn glows ominous.
Her wistful eyes, still credulous
With hope at close of day, may mark
Faint pencillings of promise caught
Within a slender new-moon's arc,
And through a froth of cloud translate
The homing-sails which they await.
Only a woman knows the sea—
Hates, yet loves it futilely.

II

Men who ride the sea in ships
Have no fear of heaven's whips
Of wind and spray. A cloud, low-hung
And threatening, is a gauntlet flung
At courage. Why should seamen care?
Brave men in ships are not afraid.
But on a peaceful night, beware!
Then starlight's challenge proves too strong.
Stout hearts grow faint as memories throng.
No spray nor storm with wind-lashed sails
Can compensate for starlit trails.

Alabama —MARTHA LYMAN SHILLITO

Sea Dog

Wedded to a land, this lover of seas
Dares not to hear the water call.
He must narrow his heart to the roar of trees
And the splash of rain against the wall.

Iowa —L. DALE AHERN

At Sea

Under the silken lamps and tapestries,
The preened and polished dancers reel and glide,
While the blown vessel, on moon-yellowed seas,
Throbs to a rhythmic tide.

Roaming the lounges' glistening lengths, one hears
Chatter of tongues, and many a tinkling glass;
Smoke rises, and a boisterous chorus cheers
The bandman's riotous brass.

Then does no voice, amid the thunder, cry
How, just beyond these doors, this heaving rail
The Timeless glimmers from the cloud-roofed sky,
And shouts with the speaking gale?

Immensity and Splendor, Dread and Doom,
Flow like gaunt shadows through this breathing might.
Yet here men dance, mindless of wind and spume
Spilled in a lone, waste night!

New York —STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Old Pools

Whispering echoes
Wing down old pathways,
Returning to earth again
In phantomed parade of pools;
Dripping, seeping pools,
Whispering the years.

California —JAMES NEILL NORTHE

Castaway

I wander a heave of empty shore,
With the vacant wind and merging cloud,
Where waves curl low with a homeless roar
To cliffs jutting stern and raged-browed.
Will it be like this forevermore?

Hopes arose when the morning shone
With a delicate glow that has faded away
Without smoke or sail, while the hours grind on
And I pulse alone through a phantom day
Of reflected things that move, and are gone.

The glaring sky and ocean sweep
Reach blank and wide, and are held apart
By hills that change as the shadows creep.
But I want something with lungs and heart
That will murmur, and talk to me, and weep . . .

Twilight comes and the coastline dims
While I long for the laughter and stir of men—
To chafe once more at ridiculous whims,
To know their fugitive hands again,
Their friendly homes and moving limbs.

* * * *

Oh, that my flame that moves within
These walls of deathly tedium
Might rise, from trembling small and thin,
A beacon, that they at last might come
And know—and *know* that I had been!

Nova Scotia —ALAN B. CREIGHTON

Transmutation

Evening makes of the tears of noon,
A rainbow for her hair:
Age shall make of Youth's broken dreams,
A rosary for prayer.

Virginia —MARY LOUISE GILLS

Pierre and I

I'm never quite alone, for Pierre La Noue,
Shrewd old Acadian Pierre abides with me;
A kindly soul whose eyes of Breton blue
Once looked with Breton longing at the sea.
Old wistful Pierre, he hoped the tales were true
The padre told him of a world-to-be;
He had no fear of bidding earth adieu,
But dreaded, just a bit, eternity.

They laid him down two centuries ago
Where hills looked calmly out upon the bay,
And smoke, ascending in the afterglow,
Revealed the quiet village of Grand Pre;
And no one seems to know that he is here
Within my house, except myself and Pierre.

South Carolina —CHAPMAN J. MILLING

The World and I

I like the Universe, I dare
To lean against it here and there;
I like the World. A little wedge
I've nibbled out of living's edge.

You made my body, World—to be
Your mate you subtly fashioned me;
You gave me two round eyes to fit
The contour of the Infinite,

You let me stay my limbs and breast
Against your nature's power unguessed;
I think the forces that combine
Your atoms, have a use for mine.

Connecticut —ANGELA MARCO

Winter Again

Wind-beaten wings are dark on somber skies.
Lean trees whimper as they shake scant leaves.
And, suddenly, fear whines around my heart . . .
Winter again . . .

Why should I shiver at the thought of ice,
And long darkness,
And the shrill trumpets of the charging gale?
My walls are sturdy walls:
Though rain slants against them in chill silver;
Though wind buffets them
And drifts pile high to peer through every window,
These walls will stand
Encircling a warm security.

But no man is himself alone . . .

In me, the presence dwells
Of all who have know Cold as an ancient god:
Explorers of bleak lands where warmth became a tale of old romance;
Red men in forest lanes,
Who watched leaves fall and wild geese fly,
And brooded on a season of thin living;
Prairie pioneers locked in white isolation;
These, and homeless men who shuffle an aimless way through city streets, their backs to the wind . . .

These have shivered when wings were beaten down a desolate sky,
When scant leaves rattled on lean trees.

And I am one with them.
Alone . . .
Suddenly small beyond self-knowing . . .
I face an old fear.
Winter again . . .

New York —BONARO WILKINSON OVERSTREET

The Chinese Windbell

I wish I could utter the tales
That the windbell in tenuous rhymes
Is tinkling here in my garden
In a trillion of tiniest chimes—
Sharp splinters of sound as crisp
As the tattoo of rain on dried leaves;
Torn edges of tunes like the twitter
Of sparrows under wet eaves.

Like a dragon of jade and vermilion,
Look, westward they wind by way
Of the Wall and the lonely mountains—
Dream-caravans out of Cathay . . .

Parakeets, temples, and tiles,
Dim groves of mulberry trees,
Coolies at work in the rice-fields,
Sampans on slate-colored seas,
Peach-blossoms, slant eyes of black silk,
Stone bridges arching lagoons,
Peacocks, and pools soft-lanterned
With lilies like miniature moons.

All these I behold, and more,
When the southwind velvetly drones
And the windbell builds in my garden
Mosaics of thin, tinted tones.

Washington —MARY J. ELMENDORF

Twilight Is a Maiden

Twilight
Is a maiden
Who reaches across the
Sky with long dark arms turning on
The stars.

Texas —WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

Homer

And he was blind . . . his sandals knew a road
From ghost-invaded vales in Arcady
To halls in Athens. Man's mythology
Leaped from his tongue into a written code . . .
His closed eyes saw the heights where Venus strode
And knew the visions of her verity;
Looking on truth that mortals never see,
His was the sight that visualized his God.

Always through darkness he was led by light
That never dimmed its lustre or its glow,
Flaming like beauty of a torch at night
Within his soul. Two thousand years ago
The glory that was Greece fell to decay . . .
Still Homer sings infinity away!

New Jersey —CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

Nocturne

Slowly I reached to drink from night's dark cup,
Letting the wine flow through my senses to my heart,
Thence to my body, in, and through, and up,
Surging there, vivifying each small part.

Nourished in body by ecstatic wine,
Quickened in spirit by delight's excess,
Chastened and changed by beauty claimed for mine,
Grateful, I owned night's potency to bless.

California —ELINOR LENNEN

Compensation

Long lines of days like caravans astray,
Despoiled by two arch robbers, Time and Circumstance,
Across my desert life traverse their languid way.
Rich cargoes, meant some beauty to enhance,
Have vanished since my journey was begun,
To what strange country, by what force, I cannot say;
But dreams that come to me when day is done,
Are Good Samaritans kind night has stored away.

Florida —SARAH HOLLIS FLEMING

You Are the Wind

You are the restless wind,
I but a tree;
I am too tightly pinned,
You nobly free.

You are the child of light,
Spirit and air;
I battle with the night,
Fear and despair.

Your comrades are the stars,
Mountains and sea;
I cringe behind the bars
Forged about me.

You tread the stormy cloud,
Sure, unafraid:
I moan and weep aloud
Down in the glade.

I am your yielding tree,
Fig, tamarind;
Stoop for me, master me,
Glorious wind!

Florida —MABEL GRISWOLD

Blue-gray Symphony

Your eyes must always make for me
A symphony akin to pain,
A changing music, limpid, clear;
Now muted from a merry note,
Now trilling to a tender strain;
As lilting bluebells on a wind-swept hill,
As loitered cloud-drifts in a rain-washed pool;
The soft, gray cadence of a distant choir,
The drifting clouds of infinity;
Blue-gray, gray-blue symphony.

Alabama —MARY B. WARD

Quiescence

Rippling of water, gleam of a star-beam,
Hush of the twilight quiet and still,
Evergreens yonder fronting the sky-line,
Sentinels silent guarding a hill.

Near in the gloaming, silver-gray birches
Gaunt oaks like phantoms circling around,
Lapping of water, dipping of paddle,
Silence of motion, stillness of sound.

Darker the shadows, grayer the phantoms
Covertly watching, almost a fear;
Gently the touch of a hand in the darkness,
Peace and contentment, someone is near!

New York —SELDON NOYES

Cloud-Quilt

The clouds are piecing quilts today,
 Quilts for a mountain bride,
Patches of blue and patches of gray
Sewed with stitches that will not stay,
They shift and drift in a crazy way
 Over the mountain side.

Georgia —OLIVER KELLER MELTON

Meg and Amy, Beth and Jo

Meg and Amy, Beth and Jo
Little friends of long ago,
Come to me and let us play
Yester years are but today.

With a rainbow we will weave
Plots for plays of make-believe,
And, small friends of long ago,
Let us stage just one more show.

Backdrops for that show shall be
Moon-drenched lanes of memory
Where our dreams, a-coming true,
Dance once more in gay revue.

Hopes of youth shall breathe again,
Little women, little men,
And as joyously we sing
Autumn airs shall conjure spring.

Each of us shall be a star
(Land of where no failures are)
And at time for you to go,
Hold my hand, O little Jo!

Illinois —R. ALBRIGHT

Autumn Passes

I shall go down the sunways to the autumn,
When red and gold in mingled glory lie,
And hear in snapping twig and rueful flutter,
The leaves' goodbye.

I shall look out across the hills to winter,
The great creator of the trackless white,
And hear, in echoes, down the growing silence,
The earth's goodnight.

Maine —ELLA C. FORBES

November

Wood-smoke has turned the distances to blue,
And rowdy winds have bared the trees and sent
A yellow horde of leaves on journeys through
The town; the ruined garden's wealth is spent
To the last marigold, the zennia bed
Has flickered and gone out. Winter is near
With breath of frost and certain, heavy tread
Of nuts falling at night. Another year
Is stripped of the false promises of bloom,
And washed of pretense with a white cold rain;
The crowded growing thins, and there is room
To rest in until beauty burns again.
If no perfection lives I cannot say
It matters much, upon an autumn day.

Georgia —MILDRED AMELIA BLANTON

Autumn

Autumn
In her flaming skirts,
Is a gypsy dancer
Flinging herself
In a last mad whirl
About the campfire,
Before the howl of winter
Drowns the throbbing
Gypsy music.

Missouri —MYRTLE VORST SHEPPARD

Lament of the Trees

"Emancipation from the bondage of the soil
is no freedom for the tree."—Tagore.

Ah God! Is there no respite from our woe?
Why, like Prometheus, must we be bound
By manacles of roots that twine below
And tether us with twisted ropes of ground?
You gave us hungry arms to embrace the sun,
To fraternize with errant winds, to peep
Into the wine-tinged vault when day is done,
But from our dungeon, earth, we cannot creep.
Vain, vain your murmuring, a Voice replies,
Man's fragile life will answer your lament:
Half-soil, half-soul, he seeks the highest skies
And dares to touch the Throne though earthen bent.
The life of men and trees intones the paean:
Upward, upward toward the empyrean!

Virginia —ALEXANDER ALAN STEINBACH

Sonnet to a Stepmother

She has not known the tender alchemy
Of hungry baby lips upon her breast;
Of tiny hands whose touch, mysteriously,
Makes daily care a joyous service, blest;
But with a heart responsive to the need
Of children left unmothered, she has made
A sacrifice of self that she may lead
Them in love's way . . . I think the wistful shade
Of her whose place she fills must hover near
With brooding spirit wings to bear her through
Dark hours when ingratitude and fear
Of failure brim her cup with bitter rue . . .
Inadequate my song! So far above
Mere praise stands this deliberate mother-love!

Alabama —ESTHER BARRETT ARGO

To a Stepmother

My love for you is free—
I'm not the leaf that clings
Upon the mother-tree
For life. My body sings
With different blood to yours,
Swings to a different tune.

We are not bound—and yet,
Oh, heart, do not forget:
The wind, too, loves the tree—
Perhaps more tenderly.

Missouri —SELMA R. OSTERMAN

The Mother

She stands, the Angel at the gate of Eden,
Evolved of years, yet ageless and apart,
Her chastening sword against the darkness driven,
Her eyes the seeing fires of her heart.
Eternal with her lonely arms out-reaching,
She guards her children of the wilderness,
And welcomes their return to her Elysium
With clouds of heaven to clothe nakedness.

Georgia —KATE FORT CODINGTON

When Beauty Dies

When beauty dies I'll follow it;
There is no other perquisite
 That life can offer to allay
 The loss of raiment for the clay
Though love's bright lamp be ever lit.

For joy and vanity are knit
To such a snug and perfect fit
 My mind will only know decay
 When beauty dies.

So when at last I must submit
To loss of beauty I'll outwit
 The dull assessor and array
 Myself in much the same old way
And then convinced of wisdom, quit—
 When beauty dies.

Florida —MARGARET STANTON PARADISE

Lotus Shadows

There was something the Egyptians knew—
When I was a child I could have told you,
Growing old, I have forgotten.

The priest of Anubis
Watching a scarab crawl across his wrist,
Feels a shudder of Immortality.

The gray temple cat
Sated with tidbits filched from the high altar,
Prowls about the carven feet of the gods,
Stalking mice.

A jackal howling among the tombs
Falls senseless to the earth,
Choked with the dust of dead Pharaohs.

Fellaheen in the moonlight,
Treading the creaking water-wheels,
Hear from across the Nile
The deep throaty purring of the Sphinx.

Nothing is quieter,
Nothing is more secure
Than the spider weaving her web
Across Rameses' eyebrow.

California —BEULAH MAY

The Philosopher

"There is no time," the philosopher said.
The people called him great,
And reverently bowed their heads.
When he went home to dinner,
His wife said, "You are late."

California —MARJORIE TONDRO

Birth-Pains

While there are words to slide across white paper,
And songs to spill across the patient night,
Old emotion sprung anew to passion,
And dreams to herd like sheep, or black, or white;

While adjectives are born, to plead our nursing;
While friends of yore, inverion and cliché,
Trouble intended adamant resolution,—
Can we, with Spartan firmness, turn away?

No; we shall weep our joy and smile our sorrow,
And pay our dues to silver, heart, and moon;
Every chord that swept a master lyre
We shall be borrowing, to echo, soon.

Daffodil and sea-gull, rose and star-shine,
March with all other ancient props again.
Some day we may forget to strut our pretties
And in forgetting, forgotten in our pain,

Shall slip the silken noose, escape from verses,
And leap through fearful agony and past
Rules and our selves, to drown, to burn, to triumph
Under the shadow of a something vast.

Washington, D. C. —BENJAMIN MUSSER

Altar Fires

I kindle altar fires to Beauty
Before each rare and lovely thing;
By every road I find a shrine
For my ecstatic worshipping.
What though they feed upon my heart,
If but the fragile flame burn free?
I kindle altar fires to Beauty—
I am her devotee!

Georgia —CARRIE FALL BENSON

Lake Storm

At dawn the wind came snarling down the draw,
Leaping the canyons, cougar-wise and fleet;
Uprooting forests with a ruthless claw;
Rending the earth with ragged jaws of sleet.
Darkly the foothills cowered, one by one,
Pressed by a savage and relentless foe;
Slowly the failing and defeated sun
Fell back before the darting barbs of snow.

Across the lake at noon a yelping pack
Of hounds went forth, by whips of fury lashed;
Their stuborn haunches took the curl and crack
Of fiery thongs that out from chaos flashed;
The mountains shuddered as the tumult grew,
Feeling the fangs of winter strike them through.

California —WINIFRED GRAY STEWART

Promise

Autumn's cadences express
With mystical exquisiteness

Her flaming promise to the skies,
"What matter though all beauty dies,

In colors glorious and brave
She falls immortal to the grave,

Aware the transiency of death
But crystallizing of temporal breath

Until the magic touch of Spring
Shall quicken her soul's awakening."

Minnesota —MARY d'AUTREMONT GERRY

Extravagant

Extravagant? I am glad I am extravagant!
I could never be the tiny, nibbling things mice are!
. . . Pinching here, and running to hide!
I pity them!

Life is such a lavish thing—and I love life.
I love the ardent sun,
The drenching rain,
The flooding river,
The rolling angry sea.
I love life—all its thirsty fires:
Love. Sorrow. Abandon.

I want to throw all to the winds
That vex the big, latent waters!
I want to lie on the hills
And drink the sunlight and exquisite life!

But, alas! Earthly life besets me!
And by the sweat of my face I must eat bread!
. . . Precious jewel of my body's travail.
This would I gladly hoard.
This would I vainly stint!

Georgia —ATHENE CRAIG

Affinity

I read a poem tonight when grief
Surged like water on a reef;
Waves, storm-tossed and high.

And every word struck like a bell
Through my heart. I could not tell
Who wrote it—you or I!

Alabama —JOSEPHINE ALDRICH HARRIS

Fireflies

The night was calling me, and I,
Who felt the lure of moonlit sky,
Arose, a questing, stealthy guest,
And tiptoed forth, my heart at rest.

For in yon wing love lies asleep
While I a tryst with fireflies keep;
They flash their lights beneath the trees,
To signal me, "Come, this way, please."

I walk a-dream; they beckon me
Through whispering woods, a nymph to see—
A nymph beside a rippling stream,
Her hair kissed by a stray moonbeam.

I hardly dare to move, for fear
Such loveliness should disappear.
Am I bewitched? 'Tis my sweetheart!
In ecstacy the fireflies dart.

Oh moon, or stars, oh night divine!
My darling's heart throbs next to mine,
The brooklet gurgles at our feet,
"Oh life is sweet, so very sweet!"

* * * * *

And who could fancy that fireflies
Could light the way to Paradise?

New York —CORA SMITH GOULD

Tree Architecture

The Great Designer who would always please
The eyes He gave His children now lays bare
The springing arch and truss of leafless trees,
Against the neutral tints of earth and air;
That, though the songs are hushed, we still may hear
The music found in lines of rhythmic script,
Which joins the harmony of eye and ear
To that of basic life, as seen when stripped—
A song that tells us beauty cannot pass
But sleeps to wake again in tree and grass.

Pennsylvania —MARY OWEN LEWIS

Myrtle Moods

I have seen you
With new green leaves
Patterned against the blue.

I have watched
Green rain fall on your blossoms
Crimson in the sun.

I have known you
To toss golden leaves
To a windy day in fall.

I have seen your
Delicate boughs and silhouetted
Against a stormy sky.

But never more beautiful
Than this winter night
A still crystal fountain of moonlight.

Georgia —FRANCES FORBES

From the Heart of a Flower

You sent chrysanthemums,
Their yellow, shaggy heads
Were like curls of tangled gold.
I put them in a jar of blue
And placed it on a chest of rosewood
Near a window
Where the sunlight filtered through.
I drank in all their beauty
Until darkness with deep shadows
Filled the room.
Dawn broke—in coral fires across the sky,
My eyes beheld, upon the quivering petals
A butterfly—
Merging slowly from a brown cocoon
Unfolding moist wings of bronze
With smudges of inky black.
I watched its rhythmic flight
Into the golden day—
This symbol of beauty
Whose fragile life began
In the heart of a flower.

Georgia —LUCILLE EDGEWORTH OSLIN

Southern Pines

High priestess of the Southland trees,
 The Pine, unceasing, plies
Her needles while she bows her limbs
 And chants her litanies.

Her veins give healing to the hurt
 And jewels for the fair;
Her body is broken that the Book
 May be read everywhere.

Tennessee —ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON

My Window-Tree

This is my window-tree, perennial in its bounteous gifts:
My friend—its branches touch my reading-window
Gaily in greeting, or gently in reminder that its growth is upward;
My birds' inn—with bed-boughs and pantry,
Or a landing field for these that chirp and warble;
My self-inviting beauty—
At night casting its Jap pictures against my farther wall,
Shadow-panels of a nameless etcher;
In winter, ice-bedecked, a Valhalla for Brunhilde;
In spring, the uncurling tenderness of renascence;
In summer, a green mantle for Dame Fashion, or
A doomed umbrella for pedestrians;
In autumn, the richness of a life well spent—
Its gold of Trust, its red of Courage;
At all times, the expression of our Maker's love.

Tennessee —LUCY H. MCDONALD

Life

(*In Four Stanzas*)

I
(One to twenty-five)
MUST

II
(Twenty-five to fifty)
LUST

III
(Fifty to seventy-five)
RUST

IV
(Seventy-five plus)
DUST

Georgia —THORNWELL JACOBS

Mammy's High Sky Sleepy Song*

I been to de East, I been to de West,
I been to No'th Ca'lina,
Oh, I know whar is de sweetest gal,—
I'll tell you whar for to fin' her—

De sun shine East, de sun shine West,
De sun's a-drawin' water,
De neatest gal de sun shines on
Is de Mockin' Bird's lil'l' daughter.

I been to de East, I been to de West
Repeat

De moon's horn east, de moon's horn west,
De moon's lap holdin' water
De sweetest gal de moon shines on
Is de Mockin' Bird's li'l' daughter.

I been to de East, I been to de West
Repeat

De star dance east, de star dance west,
De star peep out de water,
De fleetest gal de star smile on
Is de Mockin' Bird's li'l' daughter.

I been to de East, I been to de West,
Been furder way and shorter
De sweetest gal I seen any whar
Is whose li'l' bit-a daughter ?

De big cloud east, de big cloud west,
De big cloud droppin' water,
De neatest gal de rain falls on
Is de Mockin' Bird's li'l' daughter.

*The author has the above set to folk lore music score.

Alabama —MARTHA YOUNG

Altar Priests of Morning

Are those beads the trees are rustling
 Thumbing rosaries at night—
Do they plead forgiveness—grieving
 Over wayward thoughts in flight?

Are those vows the trees are keeping,
 Candle shadowed—worn and drawn—
Are they altar priests of morning
 Acolytes of chantried dawn?

Do they sigh at benediction
 As their vigil fades away?
Clasping Psalters, bow together—
 Ancient devotees of day.

Michigan —MURIEL JEFFRIES HURD

Here and There

The story to me
Has often been told
That the streets Over There
Are paved with gold.

Does golden rod bloom
By the side of the way,
Or sweet eglantine grow
In the Fields of Day?

Earth is so beautiful,
Friends are so dear . . .
Is it a marvel that
We love to stay here?

Vermont —ELLA WARNER FISHER

Birches

Birches bending in the breeze
Are the ladies of the trees—
What more graceful thing than these,
Or more charming?

Slender silvery bodies sway,
Bowing graciously this way
As if they would sweetly say
A "Good morning!"

Daintily they stir their dress
Of a fragile loveliness,
When the soft south winds caress
Their green laces.

Slim aristocrats are these
Lovely ladies of the trees,
Whispering in twos and threes
In grassy places.

California —KATHERINE E. LINCK

Moon Song

The moon is a mother
Who rocks through the night
Soothing star-babies
Each crying with fright.

The wind is her rocker,
And if you must know,
She's tucking the stars in
With blankets of snow.

Pennsylvania —GEORGIANA BOLE KING

Cottonwoods in the Wind

They are ballet-dancers,
All in green and tinsel,
White limbs gleaming, gleaming,
Glimpsing through the spangles;
Ballet-dancers tired
Of the lights and people,
Yet they dance unceasing
For my happy children.

At the Riverside

The willow trails pale-green fingers
In the clear water,
Leaning, Narcissus-like,
To look at her image.

Oklahoma —JULIA BAGGETTE

Grevillea Robusta

(*Silk Oak. Attains height of* 150 *feet*)

Burnt orange and gold, your lovely bloom,
As if the rainbow's end was found,
Or spice of some unknown perfume,
That saw the sun on foreign ground.

Burnt orange and gold, your bloom is spun
Into a pattern, strange to see;
With cloth of gold and setting sun,
O, Grevillea Robusta Tree.

Burnt orange and gold, that droops with grace,
Gold dust is sifted every day—
If morning shows a smiling face,
You offer her a gold bouquet.

California —MAYNIE STODDARD WILSON

Upland Pines

In winter
Orphaned pine-tree children
Huddle
In groups
On a mountain's alabaster breast,
Shoulder to shoulder
Inward leaning;
Forming Arab tents
To shut out
December's nosing vandals.

In spring
When nature's bow-thongs quiver
With new life,
They are sky-line cupid archers
That dance in gaudy pageantry
On upland verdure,
And shoot green-scented arrows
At heaven's blue heart.

Washington —ADRIAN HUFFMAN

Emotion

The thud of heavy-booted, marching feet;
Coyotes howling on a windy night;
A child unloved—misunderstood—
These three things stir my soul.

A red leaf falling on a quiet pool;
Blue wood-smoke curling from a little house;
A white gull flying out to sea—
These three things rest my soul.

California —HELEN MILLER LEHMAN

Hymn to the Dead

Naked limbs
Of leafless trees
Are harp strings
Upon which the wind plays
A mournful tune,
Reminiscent
Of a summer that is dead!

California —HELEN MILLER LEHMAN

Cycle

The Past
Is a dog-eared textbook
That is laid away
Forever
On memory's curtained shelf.

The present
Is the world's best seller
Whose uncut pages
The fingers of time
Are slitting for me.

The Future
Is in manuscript still,
And none can know
What volume
Life will take off the press.

Texas —MARIE BARTON

At Dusk

The moon is a jolly, fat workman,
Climbing a tree ladder
To the roof of heaven,
And spilling yellow paint
As he goes.

Tennessee —ULRICA WHITAKER

The Thief

To thieve,
Little sunbeam,
You stole into my heart.
All its bitter scalding tears are
No more.

Georgia —LILLIAN M. PIERCE

Nothing for Nothing

I had my little axe to grind
And used you for a stone.
Why should I be surprised to find
You had one of your own?

California —FLORENCE CLEMENS

The Whirlwind

It haunts the western plain,
The cyclone's madcap child,
Whirling, twirling ever,
Like a gnome beguiled.
This frivolous mass
Of dust and grass
Tiptoes on high
Almost to sky,
And lingers
So, saucy,
Winding
Elfin
Foe
!

Texas —BYRD FRIEND

(Continued from page two)

There is a shiver of the spine, a tightening of the throat, a watering of the eyes . . ."

All this suggests the therapeutic value of poetry, a subject that we shall discuss at some length in the next issue of this magazine. In the meantime, may we suggest to those who are specially interested in this subject that they re-read Browning's "Saul," and C. Alphonso Smith's invaluable little book, WHAT LITERATURE CAN DO FOR ME.

Editor Adrian Huffman, THE AGENDA, Walla Walla, Washington, makes a suggestion that we wish to quote, as applying also to BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE: "Poems should be well wrought and short, with due technical regard for meter, rhythm and uniformity. Contractions, inversions, maudlin sentiment and poetic fallacies are departures from the freshness and naturalness encouraged in present day practice and should be avoided. Verse that moves with a definite impulse to a uniform conclusion will be welcomed." By the way, THE AGENDA is one of the best magazines in the country. Adrian Huffman is a young man of whom his teachers, Cheyner-Trent, may well be proud.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

For all poets who revere the origin of this magazine, the great November moment was the unveiling, on the 16th, of a bronze tablet in Carnegie Library, Atlanta, to the memory of Ernest Hartsock, "whose fame rests more securely in the 'strange splendor' of his own verse and in the fruits of those whom his master craftsmanship as teacher, as editor, and as critic drew to be his friends and disciples." On the same date a stone, bearing Ernest's poem "Second Coming," was erected at his grave. December 14th will mark his third anniversary among the immortal poets.

Alfred Noyes disclaims the facility in writing with which a French critic has recently credited him. In his own case, he says, fifty pages of closely written or scrawled corrections often make up the MS. of a

poem that ultimately fills only a single page. Reminds one, doesn't it, of that cartoon of callers being greeted at the paper-littered living room door of a young woman wading through knee-deep foolscap, "Please forgive this mess—Gilbert is writing a sonnet." . . . John Richard Moreland (Spottswood Manor, Norfolk, Va.) is doing very well with his Moreland Question Club. For a fee of $1.00 a year, members can send him any number of questions concerning poetry, verse magazines, contests, etc. Mr. Moreland has in addition his correspondence course in verse technique. Other poets conducting correspondence courses with a background of authority, include Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney (301 Maryland Ave., Clifton Heights, Pa.), Harold Vinal (687 Lexington Ave., N. Y. City), Ada Borden Stevens, (30 Mt. Vernon St., Newport, R. I.), Edith Mirick (3314 Newark St., Washington, D. C.). A recent card announces Authors' Service Bureau, 1530 Spruce St., Philadelphia, conducted by Joan Greeves, though this appears to be intended more for prose writers.

In the London *Observer*, Basil de Selincourt declares that, as Whitman robbed poetry of measure, Getrude Stein has robbed prose of sense; and there is nothing left of prose, even as a plaything, when its sense is gone . . . The poet Filippo Marinetti is credited with a plan to build a city just outside of Rome which will be a permanent home for all the futurists of the world. He is quoted as saying: "Poetry was never free until the airplane came into being. We have a new term—aero-poetry. In the sky, where only vastness prevails, no contacts, no obstructions, seized by this and the thrill of speed the poet finally overcomes the law of literary gravity and can express himself in free words." I hope Signor Marinetti's city in the Campagna materializes, and that all "futurist" poets go there and there remain, by force, if necessary. After that, sanity may return to poetry together with sanity to the war-crazed world of our generation . . . Speaking of war, the *Biosophical Review*, formerly *Spinoza Quarterly* (310 Riverside Drive, New York), on November 25th concluded a contest for the best peace poem under fifty lines, with $25 as the bait.

The demise of *The Carillon*, certainly one of the four or five supreme verse magazines in this country, was a sad blow to us all . . . Every time, however, a poetry editor closes shop, twenty-one new magazines seize the vacant premises. Laurence Woodward and three associates are launching two new literary ships at one time, *Literary Arts* and

The American Scene (45 West 35th St. New York). Irl Morse, of *Better Verse* and *Favorite Poems and Prose,* is with William Andrew Keller Edward Clements. The first issue of *The Latin Quarter-ly* (11 Barrow turning the second-named periodical into a more ambitious quarterly, to be called *The Caravan* (2169 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.). *The Windsor Quarterly* (Hartland Four Corners, Vt.) is issuing *Windsor Pamphlets;* No. 2, ready Dec. 1, includes a group of poems by Albert St., New York) was apparently so successful that the editors gave (strictly speaking, sold) a dinner on Oct. 1, the first of a series of Bohemian affairs in an effort to awaken the dead Greenwich Village section of Manhattan. Lillian Candler is issuing, at Christmas time, the first number of *Adamant: a Quarterly of Beautiful Verse* (1109 N. Sheridan Rd., Waukegan, Illinois; $1.00 a year). The first issue will include poems by Glenn Ward Dresbach, Ada Borden Stevens, Clifford Gessler, Lucia Trent, Margaret Lathrop Law, Stanton Coblentz, and others nationally known. Another new quarterly, out about Dec. 1, is *The Tow Path* (Room 18, Myers Bldg., Altoona, Pa.), apparently restricted to poets and prose writers of Pennsylvania.

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni broadcasts the best American verse, she tells me, every Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, from Station KUOA, Washington Hotel, Fayetteville, Arkansas. If you've written some of America's best, send it to *Rosa,* above address . . . Louise Burton Laidlaw was married Sept. 16 to Mr. Dana Converse Backus . . . On the same date another poet, the beloved Roselle Mercier Montgomery, died at her home in Riverside, Conn. . . . Henry Harrison, publisher, has moved together with his *Poetry World* and filing cabinets and anthologies and rheumatism and book contracts, from 27 East 7th St., New York, to 430 Sixth Avenue, same metropolis . . . At the age of 86 Prof. A. F. Murison is issuing, through Longmans, a new translation of the Iliad into English hexameters . . . In the October, 1932, issue (pardon my delay in relating this) of *Within the Compass of a Print Shop,* a small magazine published in Boston, there appeared two letters by John Keats, discovered in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and printed for the first time in the Boston maglet. Curiously enough, the George in America is presumably the last he wrote . . . The Washington, letter addressed to Charles Cowden Clarke is the earliest letter of Keats of which there is any knowledge; while that addressed to his brother (D. C.) Catholic Poetry Society, branch of the Catholic Poetry Society

B O Z A R T

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

Published six times a year at Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

WIGHTMAN F. MELTON, PH.D. Editor
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Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

A list of other attractive prizes will be announced in the March-April issue of BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE

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